

# The



# Cheer

*"For St. Joe*

*and Success"*

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1924

No. 6

## SAINTS' BASKETBALL OUTLOOK PROMISING

### SCHEDULE COMPLETE

The football season is over and basketball is just ahead of us. For the past two weeks St. Joe's. hardwood has resounded with the tread of numerous feet as the Saints' best pill tossers swing into action in preparation for the coming season. From our Athletic Director, comes the news that the the squad will be made up of only ten players this year. This cut makes the competition still keener, and every man is fighting hard for a coveted berth.

At the beginning of the season fully forty players appeared for the try-outs and since then the number has been cut to fifteen men. Coach Radican may decide to carry twelve players until after the first two or three games so that he may be enabled to get a better idea of the real ability of his men in action. This season's schedule is a stiff one, sixteen games in all. The St. Joe cagemen, however, are determined that it shall be a successful one. That every fan is looking forward to the approaching contests with intense interest is proved by the large number of students who watch the practice each afternoon.

The squad begins to show speed and snap and the teamwork is improving every day. Some of last year's performers are rapidly nearing early season form and indications are that St. Joe will be well represented on the court again this year.

Hoffman, St. Joe's powerful center, is with us again this season and around him Coach Radican is building his team. Byrne and Klocker, both substitute forwards last season, are working well together and will most probably start December 12. Petit looks good at his old position, running guard; and Scheidler is making a strong bid for the back guard position. Liebert is showing flashes of form at running guard and forward and it is still a question at which position Coach Radican will use him.

Weier and Koors are going strong as a running guard and forward respectively. Ameling has been used at center and the big lad's performance has been creditable. Hoban, a letter man from last year, and Westendorf, a young giant with some experience, are trying hard for backguard, while Beckman, last year's Third Class center is dividing his efforts between back-guard and center. Schilling has been showing considerable speed as a running guard and Forche is working nicely as a forward. Conditionals are holding out Boone for the present but should he be declared eligible the team will be materially strengthened. Syl. Schmelzer, a consistent performer on last year's Senior squad, is still nursing a dislocated shoulder, but he is sure to bid strong for a position in another week or so.

### BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

December 12—Chicago Normal College; at Chicago.

December 17—Chicago Normal College; at St. Joe.

December 22 — Brook Red Birds; at St. Joe.

January 14—Francesville; at St. Joe.

January 17 — Concordia College; at Ft. Wayne.

January 24—Anthony Wayne Institute; at Ft. Wayne.

January 28—Y. M. P. C.; at St. Joe.

February 4—Monon Rails; at St. Joe.

February 7—Culver Military Academy; at Culver.

February 11 — Wanakas; at St. Joe.

February 14—Anthony Wayne Institute; at St. Joe.

February 18—Saint Anne's; at St. Joe.

February 21—Huntington College; at Huntington.

February 25 — American College of Physical Education; at St. Joe.

March 6—Huntington College; at St. Joe.

March 14—Elmhurst College; at Elmhurst.

## DEATH MESSENGER SUM- MONS BISHOP ALERDING

### ACCIDENT HURRIES END

Last Saturday the Angel of Death entered the Episcopal residence at Fort Wayne and called the venerable Bishop Alerding. A short time before he had been in an automobile accident in which he suffered injuries so severe that he was unable to rally from them. Although he was in his eightieth year, owing to his vigorous constitution it is generally believed that several years of active service would have remained to him had this fatal accident been averted.

Herman Joseph Alerding, fourth Bishop of Fort Wayne, was born in Westphalia, April 13, 1845. At an early age he emigrated to this country, and received his education in the schools of Covington, Ky., at St. Joseph's College at Bardstown in the same state, and completed his education at St. Meinrad's, Indiana. Ordained priest September 22, 1868, he served as pastor at St. Joseph's, Indianapolis. On November 20, 1900, Father Alerding was consecrated Bishop of Fort Wayne.

From that time until his lamented death he labored indefatigably among his people. The vast improvement of conditions in this diocese testifies to his unceasing labors.

Especially was he a friend of St. Joseph's College and he demonstrated this friendship in many ways.

May God in His mercy grant unto him eternal rest!

Co-eds of the University of California have a right to get real angry. "The shingle bob," says the university's daily, "probably got its name because it is so near wood."

In private watch your thoughts; in family life watch your temper; in company watch your tongue.

Few things come to the average man. He must go after them.



## THIRDS WIN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP, 32-7

Coach "Mac" DeShone's fighting Juniors with their efficient Notre Dame shift, were in their best form of the season Thanksgiving morning, when they won the championship of the football league in a decisive victory (32-7) over the powerful Sophomores. This championship game was the first contest of its kind thus far staged on the local grid-iron. The Mackmen's record of winning every one of their league games is a remarkable one. Throughout the season the team used Notre Dame formations and looks upon its success as largely due to this style of play. The season's work of the Seconds was also impressive as indicated by their wins over the Freshmen and the Fourths and their close defeat by the Thirds in a previous encounter. Every fan was filled with the rivalry between the two classes and anxiously awaited the final trial for the pennant.

### Thirds Score Early

The waiting spectators shivered in the cold west wind as the rival squads, clad in "Rep" jerseys, galloped from the dressing rooms into battle formation on the field. The weather, however, was soon forgotten in the excitement as the Thirds kicked off to the Sophs who ran the ball back to their own twenty-five yard line. When the Seconds failed by inches to make first down, the Mackmen in their turn hurried the ball to the two-yard line. From here Schuckert sneaked through the center of the line for the first touchdown. Fertilj failed to kick goal. Later in the quarter the Juniors again plunged and passed to within scoring distance. This time "Andy" Estadt, smashing through the heavy Sophomore forward wall, crossed the line for the Mackmen's second marker. Again the drop-kick was wide.

In the next quarter the Seconds looked dangerous; they seemed determined to score, making one first down after another until they had the ball resting on the Juniors' ten-yard line. Here the Third year line refused to yield another inch, the Seconds finally losing the ball on an incomplete pass over the goal. The Juniors, now in possession of the ball on their own twenty-yard line, succeeded in gaining thirty yards around end and through the line. Then, on the fifty-yard mark, Schuckert tossed to his fleet-footed fullback Estadt, who, while the remainder of the team faked toward the left, sped around right end and down the field fifty yards to the goal line. He then added the point by drop-kick. After the next kick-off the Seconds lost the ball on their thirty-five yard line. Then the Thirds in an off-tackle play advanced

the ball thirty yards, from which point Dapson bucked the ball the remaining three yards for another touchdown. "Andy's" kick was good. Score at half: Thirds, 26; Seconds, 0.

### Fighting Stubborn

The Seconds came back in the third quarter with a bang. Though clean, the smashing tactics of both teams resulted in a number of injured players. The Thirds in their slow but steady march toward the Sophomore goal met stubborn opposition at every turn. Finally Passafume, the fast and shifty Junior half-back, skirted a wing, and the ball was over the line for the Mackmen's last counter. Estadt's third drop-kick failed. Undaunted by the Thirds' rising score the Sophomores fought still harder. Line plunges netted them first down; two passes thirty-five yards more. Then a series of off-tackle drives placed the ball on the Juniors' five-yard line. Sapped of their strength after this hard drive the Sophs were forced to yield the ball on downs. In the final period both teams resorted to passing. On an attempted pass by the Juniors in mid-field, Gietl, a sterling end for the Seconds that day, after dashing through and blocking the attempt, carried the ball forty yards for the Seconds' only touchdown. Dirrig's drop-kick added the extra point. Final score: Thirds, 32; Seconds, 7.

On the Junior line, Jessico at left end did fine work. Mathews, at right tackle, was a determining factor on the Junior defense, as this boy repeatedly broke up Sophomore end runs and line smashes. Herringhaus, right guard; and Hnat, left guard, were particularly strong on defensive work. Estadt, the "mighty man" of the Junior backfield, played one of the best games of his colorful career. Passafume's running and tackling were superb. Schuckert and Stettler also did fine work, especially the former, who ran his team like a veteran.

Dirrig, Casserly, Gietl, Ameling and Medland were worthy competitors of the above named. The Sophomores' fighting spirit and dogged determination deserve much praise. After being hopelessly beaten they still had the fight in them to put the ball across for a touchdown. That is the real, genuine football spirit that merits glory even in defeat.

Touchdowns: Schuckert, Estadt 2, Passafume, Dapson, Gietl. Goals after touchdown: Estadt 2, Dirrig 1.

### Score by Periods

Thirds . . . . .	12	14	6	0—32
Seconds . . . . .	0	0	0	7—7

### Lineup

Thirds (32)	Seconds (7)
Jessico . . . . . L.E.	Ameling
Mathews . . . . . L.T.	Hepperle
Hnat . . . . . L.G.	R. Gohman
Dunn . . . . . C.	Medland
Herringhaus . . . . . R.G.	T. Gohman
Koch . . . . . R.T.	Diamond
Fertilj . . . . . R.E.	Gietl
Schuckert . . . . . Q.	Dirrig (Capt.)
Passafume . . . . . L.H.	Modrijan
Stettler . . . . . R.H.	Casserly
Estadt (Capt.) . . . . . F.B.	Buescher

## ALL ACADEMIC LEAGUE TEAMS

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM
Jessico . . . . . L.E.	Fertilj
Gahwolf . . . . . L.T.	Diamond
Hnat . . . . . L.G.	Modrijan
Dunn . . . . . C.	Gaul
Herringhaus . . . . . R.G.	Friedman
Mathews . . . . . R.T.	Grot
Ameling . . . . . R.E.	Munning
Schuckert . . . . . Q.	Dirrig
Estadt (Capt.) . . . . . L.H.	Passafume
Klimek . . . . . R.H.	Boone (Capt.)
Leitshuh . . . . . F.B.	Casserly

The above players constitute the "Cheer's" choice for the first and second all-league football teams. The Seniors were not considered in this choice since nearly every member of their team tried for the Varsity; and as a number of them made the squad, their league team disbanded before the close of the season.

Every player on the First, Second, Third and Fourth class teams has been closely watched throughout the past season. And in picking of all-league berths, each player's sportsmanship and all-around ability were carefully weighed.

There are a number of players, however, who, although not on the above list, deserve honorable mention. Galligher played surprisingly well at end for the Fourths. Crockett, First year quarterback, showed fine leadership in a number of stiff contests during the early part of the season. Undoubtedly these boys, together with Tom Medland, Sophomore center, who played good football all the time, would have found their names on these teams, had they not been seriously handicapped by underweight. Coyne, Sophomore end, who did fine work in a number of games, was lost to his team as the result of a fractured knee early in the season. The showing of Stettler, Junior halfback, was brilliant; unfortunately again, this lad's breaking into the limelight so near the close spoiled his chances. Giardina and Modory, though lacking in experience, played remarkably well, and therefore merit consideration.

## PROFESSOR'S FATHER DIES

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of the father of Rev. Sylvester Ley, one of our professors. A telegram from Fort Wayne last Wednesday conveyed the sorrowful tidings. Mr. Ley was stricken with apoplexy some two weeks ago, and finally succumbed to pneumonia. He was seventy-four years old.

Father Ley, accompanied by Father Simon, the latter representing the faculty, attended the funeral last Saturday from the Church of the Precious Blood at Fort Wayne.

When two quarrel, both are wrong.



## Our Correspondence School: How To Write Movies

To be a successful photo-play writer one needs not to know as much as is generally supposed. The essential points are that one knows how to read, write, and to follow instructions. The only subjects that require ability to read are: history, geography and this piece of advice which I am about to give. Writing does not mean either good spelling or fine penmanship; it is merely the faculty of expressing your thoughts (if you possess any) on paper. My instructions are as clear as I can make them; so if there is anyone who does not get their gist, him I would advise to banish all hope of startling the world by writing a great movie.

Never undertake to give your story a name. The directors change the plot and other parts of the story so much, that it is always necessary to delay its christening till after the result is viewed on the screen.

When ready to begin composing, procure several bottles of ink, a ream of paper, a history, a geography, and a large waste-basket. With your history before you, gaze into space on opening it. The date mentioned on that page is the one for the background of your play. In your chronology, however, I exhort you not to go back more than ten thousand years, because the stage managers might experience some difficulty in selecting appropriate scenes. Yet, a very much desired thing in picking the date is originality. Since nearly all the wars, thus far in the world, have been enacted, count yourself lucky, should you find one that has been overlooked, and use this as the setting of your story.

The date having been arranged (I do not mean that between the hero and the heroine) the next is choosing the place. To determine this, follow the same method geographically as you did historically. Here one should aid to get a spot either among mountains and valleys or along some important and picturesque body of water.

Next in the order of development is the choosing of names for the actors and actresses. Unpronounceable names, though of minor significance, often add more enchantment to the play. Another feature of consequence is a hero or heroine that possesses about a million iron men, and whose face, in case of a heroine, even if it isn't the kind to launch a thousand ships, should not sink them either.

A general outline is absolutely necessary; and the usual one I know is: Act 1. Maid one; Act. 2. Maid won; Act 3. Made one.

In Act I., the heroine is roaming wild with never a thought of the

squarer sex, when quite accidentally she meets the hero. The first act is generally not very important, because the maid is soon won after their meeting. Proceeding in the chronological order we encounter Act II. next. The main action in this act is the hero's protection of the heroine by beating up the villain. Out of the variety of types used to represent the villain, the easiest and most impressive one is that which represents him with sinister eyes and a misplaced brow. The scene of fistic encounter between the hero and the villain on the edge of a cliff must not be absent. Its outcome is so well known that I need not relate it here. The osculation between hero and heroine very effectively marks the end of this scene.

The third act is generally left to the imagination, since the married life of the hero and heroine is too brief to be enacted; and if it were staged, the hero would probably be wounded so badly that he would have to quit the movies for the rest of his natural life.

WILLIAM FRIEMOUTH, 25.

### AS WE SEE THEM

Blue and Gold (Cadet Issue): Very neat issue. Stories good but could stand polishing. Your jokes are good.

St. Paul's College Record: Your magazine is the most original we get, both in form and arrangement. A few typographical errors crept in, however. Where are your jokes? They would round out your magazine.

The Mother Seton Journal: The short literary essays you carry are excellent. The paragraphs by the Second Grade scholars are most interesting. Good poems too.

DePaulia: An interesting paper is yours but watch for typographical errors.

Notre Dame News: Fine editorials, especially the one on "Courtesy" in the Thanksgiving issue. E. B. Wright's drawings are splendid.

### Adapted With Variations

Those morning bells, those morning bells!  
What a tale of woe their clanging tells!  
How they get us up in the chilly atmosphere,  
And recall us to a world of meadows brown and sere  
From a land of Never-never  
Where we'd like to stay forever  
If it wasn't for those awful morning bells!

Fish are always found in schools. However, a few are usually found in college.

## The Death Reverie of Poe

I am cold. How dreary everything seems tonight. I feel as in a dream. I notice the effects of the drink pass and leave my body, chilled to the bone. Oh! my body is one complete pain. What! my limbs will not obey me? Yes, I cannot even rise. Lord, am I to die like a rat in this alley? Is it possible that my last page in the book of life is filled? Death, what mysterious meanings that word has; what wonders it conceals; what tortures it represents to one who has squandered his life.

My life is slowly becoming a thing of the past. Will its memory also become extinct? The good that men do lives after them. Have I done anything that deserves to be remembered? Or will men disregard the good on account of the evil? The shortness of human life can be realized only when man comes to its end, and his deeds are like a vision before his eyes; in which good acts are few in comparison to the bad.

Liquor has not only ruined my entire life, but is now ridding me of it. Many a time I have wished for death; now as it slowly approaches, the desire for it fades. Why have I thus spent my life? I could at present be in a happy home of my own; could be enjoying good health; could look forward to many more years; could be surrounded with many friends.

Friends? What are they? I never knew a real friend. The friends I most dearly loved have died, and the ones that would have been my friends I avoided and scorned.

Now I am withering away, not only without home or relatives, but surrounded on all sides by enemies; by my own thoughts, and by that demon, drink, to which I owe my disgraceful end. That death-flask has been my greatest foe, my curse.

What is beyond death? Something I have always disbelieved and ridiculed, but now must admit to be true. Am I frightened? I cannot keep myself from quivering. Terror is eating at my heart. My thoughts bring on a fever. I feel hot. I am a fool. It is snowing, but yet I am wet with perspiration, the sweat of despair.

How the wind moans! Its sighs are re-echoed from the cavities of my heart. My restless soul will give me no peace. The very darkness mocks me, and the falling snow takes on weird shapes to taunt me.

My heart beats fast as if to keep up with my thoughts. But even they are deserting me. I cannot think anymore. The perspiration is freezing on my brow, my time is come. I am left to die alone. Life, farewell.

—J. S., '25,



# The College Cheer

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Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, Dec. 10, 1924

## EDITORIALS

### LOOKING FORWARD AND BACKWARD

The mud-caked moleskins and the once grimy jerseys are safely stored away in the pungent moth balls. Out on the wind-swept gridiron, now strangely drab and deserted, the faded lines and stately goal-posts alone remain to remind us of the 1924 football season. The final whistle has blown for America's most colorful collegiate sport. Intense interest has characterized the entire season. The spirited play has caused the blood of the most hectic fan to run riot. Enormous crowds have witnessed the thrilling dashes of "Red" Grange and the bewildering antics of the "Four Horseman" of Notre Dame. There have been numerous surprises, and surprises always make for interest. Even the weather man, always an annoying customer, contributed his share. Yes, it has indeed, been a most successful season for football.

Coming nearer home, however, we must say a word regarding the fortunes of the Red and Purple. The past season has been a disappointment to a great many St. Joe supporters. Six defeats without a victory is enough to test even the patience of a Philadelphia baseball fan. But then we must not forget that a stiff schedule, green material and numerous injuries, handicapped the Varsity not a little. We mention these facts not as time-worn alibis but merely that some may be brought to realize the situation and others may not be too free with the raucous razzberry. The season is over and there is no use lamenting the spilt milk but we should begin now to contemplate the mistakes of the past season so that the next will not witness their recurrence.

One point to be remembered is that the past season has found St. Joe battling the stiffest schedule in the history of the school. Formerly the football schedule was always more or less of a hit or miss affair. And as a result the school won little or no prestige. The past season, however, was different in this respect, and the six

teams encountered represented schools of recognized ability. For this reason alone the 1924 campaign has been unique. St. Joe has taken the initial plunge into the lake of inter-collegiate football. The result has been chilly but beginnings generally are. The schedule makers realized what they were doing when the schedule was made and the fact that the season has resulted in a shock may have been foreseen. Some times a shock is just the thing to bring about a realization of the situation.

Football at St. Joe is in the making. This season has been a failure as far as victories are concerned, but not withstanding this fact there is no room for despair. We must be up and doing. The remedy for defeat is not a weaker schedule; no, for it is not a disgrace to be beaten by a good team. If St. Joe is to make a success of football there must be spirit, the indomitable spirit of men that know no defeat, men who will stand up and fight until the hell itself freezes, and men who will back their team until Doomsday.

True there are reforms necessary but they will come in time. Our task is before us and now is the time to perform it. Dismiss despair from your heart this very hour and resolve to do your best for the cause. Then success will come even in defeat, for remember:

"The man who wins in the greater game  
Is the man who beaten fights  
on the same."

### SAY "HELLO"

Did you ever feel all down and out and just about ready to quit and then have some smiling chap happen along with a cheerful "hello?" Certainly you have. The world looks brighter immediately, doesn't it? Well, that is just the point we wish to emphasize. A cheery "hello" is the greatest tonic in the world. In worth it outrivals that of glittering golden nuggets. Some men have this happy habit of saluting everyone they meet. These persons do more good than they can ever know. There is a certain something in that little word "hello" that is as a magnetic spark between two hearts. It scatters gloom to the four winds and radiates happiness to the one who gives and to the one who receives.

The American college lad is often said to be the most democratic chap in the world; and well should we cherish the idea. A college, particularly a boarding school, is the most fertile soil in the world for the seeds of democracy. Then should we make use of that democratic mannerism, the salutation "hello." When you meet a fellow student let that "hello" ring out clear as a bell. Make the chap feel

that you mean every syllable of it. Whether he be rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, he is a man and every man should be interested in the welfare of his fellow man. Do your bit of service in your own sincere way, but remember one of the cheapest, best, and most effective ways is just to say, "hello."

## TRIFLES

In our daily life, especially if we follow a routine, there are so many little things that we skip over as a matter of course, and, as a result, often perform carelessly. When we come right down to the point, however, our lives consist of a few acts, but these acts are made up of numerous trifles. Who was it that said, "Do well the little things and the great will be added"? True words, indeed. Precision is the key that many a time unlocks the door to success. It doesn't take a bit more energy to do a thing right, yet how easy it is to neglect a task or do it slovenly. A more characteristic human feeling never existed.

The student that ignores trifles will accomplish about as much as an engineer who disregards the signal blocks. Sooner or later a man that forgets little things will topple to ruin. Now is the time to get in the habit of performing the small things with precision. Let nothing deter you from doing whatever it may be right. The world is full of the ordinary rank and file of humanity, but the really great men are few and far between. Greatness does not come over night, but neither does the mighty oak. They both grow from little things. Michael Angelo it was that said, "Perfection comes from trifles but perfection is no trifle."

## A WORD OF SYMPATHY

The Almighty Ruler in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from this mortal sphere the father of one of our professors, Father Sylvester Ley. The Cheer in the name of the entire student body offers a word of heartfelt sympathy to the griefstricken family. Whatever words we may utter, however, dwindle into mere insignificance when compared to the loss of a father. Yet, we feel that the family, realizing the eternal goodness of God, accepts the loss with true Christian resignation. After all, to the just, death means but the beginning of life eternal. And certainly the deceased, a man who has given a son to the service of God, need have no fear. "A good thought can never die." May his soul rest in peace.

Few of the aliens smuggled in are aged. This is particularly true of the Scotch,



## HIRAM B'GOSH

Collegeville, Ind.  
Now.

Dear paw,

Howdy, paw i jest could not find time before now to rite. Believe me, paw, i have been some bissey gie hear lately. This hear colledge life may be peaches and cream but the cream is purty low test. Time is scarcer'n hen teeth around here. i was out huntin back about 3 wks ago with some city gies. We was after rabbits, after them is rite. it haint no wonder that their is criminals in Chicago if the polce-men shoot anything like these gies. The 1st thing they did when we got in the woods was 2 look up in the trees. and paw, u know as well as i do that rabbits don't live in trees. i was over 2 the Jim the other day (that's what we call the Jimnashium) and some gie wanted me to rassel him in turner hall. Now why in thunder they call the joint turner hall is by me. Well i rasseled the gie and soon showed him i was from Turkey Crick Junkshun. Then wemonkeyed around in their with the dum bells but all the dum bells aint in Turner hall, paw.

The basket bawl season is on, but here is 1 gie that cannot see that game with its fowl shooting and sich. U got to have a gun to shoot fowls er my name aint Hiram. About this hear gradiating, i don't know. The faculty must be kinda fearin 4 the worst for so far there has been no meeting. They probably are a playing safe. A lot of the gies will not be sure of gradiating until after the last exam.

Well paw, how is everyone back 2 home. it wont be long now till Christmus vacation and here is 1 gie that is going 2 take a reel rest. i will try to rite afore i come home. Goodby and good luck.

As ever

Your boy,

HIRAM.

P. S.—I am a wearin the Red flannels.

## Abominable Rhyme

East is east,  
And west is west,  
But the pants will never  
Meet the vest.

We received a subscription lately together with this clipping and it is too good to withhold from print:

Pity ye Poor Ed—It is reported that one of the fastidious newly-married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. This may be somewhat peculiar but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his pants on and unless some of the delinquent subscribers to this "Old Rag of Freedom" pony up before long, he will need bread without a damn thing on, and Wisconsin is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.—Melrose, (Wis.) Chronicle.

"They're off:" said the man as he removed his shoes.

"It's all off:" said the bald-headed man as he rubbed his hand over his pate.

The smallest man in history, says Charles Ruess, an eminent authority on such subjects, is not Napoleon, but the Roman soldier, Ignotus by name, who slept on his watch. He was on time, too, adds Mr. Ruess.

The most expensive course in modern education is not Greek nor Italian. It's Scotch.—Selected.

Life is a long lesson in humanity.

Tailoring Mending  
RENSELAER DRY CLEAN-  
ING WORKS  
The College Dry Cleaner  
Pressing Dry Cleaning

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : :

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BEST OF LEATHER

RUBBER HEELS

Shoe Polish and Laces

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Candy

Ice Cream

Wright Brothers

Tobacco

Lunch



## CHEERY CHOKES

The following men should be good cross-word puzzle solvers:

Traffic cops.

Crossing watchmen.

Skibers.

### A Tragedy in One Act

Navarre: (In front of the bulletin board reading): "Navarre 2——"

Brennan (Gleefully): "Hot dog, now we eat!"

Navarre: (Continuing): "Mop."

### Curtain

N. B.—If anyone cannot get this please let us know and we will put a hoof-note to it in our next issue.

Heebie: "I feel like an archer."

Jeebie: "Why?"

Heebie: "My tie is a bow and my collar is an Arrow."

DeShone Mac: "Hurrah for the Fourths!"

Casserly Bull: "Hurrah for the hot place."

DeShone Mac: "Atta boy, Bull, stick up for your own class."

Hoffman and Scheidler, oh, how sore they were after reading in The Cheer, last issue, that there is no Santa Claus.

Hominy?

Hominy what?

Hominy days till Christmas?

Speaking of neckwear, Dan Costello says that the next time he contributes a joke he doesn't want it turned around on him. S'all right, Dan, our mistake.

Steckler: "I have a wooden shoe girl."

Middlendorf: "How's that?"

Steckler: "She's always saying wouldn't you buy me this and wouldn't you buy me that."

### Encyclopedia Collegevillia

Refectory: The College filling station.

Free Day: A day of rest. (This term is obsolete according to Collegevillia.)

Razzberry: A fruit, akin to the sour grape, which grows in abundance around every college campus.

### Here's Another One

There was an old horse with a cough  
Whose voice was exceedingly rough;  
He got over it though,  
And when it was through,  
He returned to the field with a plough.

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## Letters They Never Received

Dear Father:

Please do not send me a check to come home on, for I have plenty of money which I have saved since September. Besides a check is so much bother any way. Thanking you just the same, I remain,

Your faithful son,  
EGBERT.

Answer:

Dear Son:

Your welcome letter received, and I am sorry to hear that you have not spent the money we sent you. Now I am enclosing a check for twenty-five dollars and if you don't spent every cent of it Santa Claus won't bring you that pop-gun you've been asking for so long. I am,

Your affectionate,  
FATHER.

## Origin of Popular Phrases

"There's always room for one more:" So Solomon said to his thousandth wife.

"It sure is keen:" Uttered by Charles I. on feeling the axe.

"A whale of a time:" This is how Jonah described his famous trip.

## One For The History

In 1924 Ben Turpin invented the Cross-word puzzle.

It's a striking coincidence that "American" ends in "I can."—Greenville Piedmont.



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Eyes Examined---Glasses Fitted

Opposite Court House



**RATTO CAPTURES AUDIENCE**

The rapt attention and hearty applause of the student body surely gave John B. Ratto plenty of evidence as to the quality of his entertainment. This performance well deserved such appreciation. Rarely does an entertainer live up to expectations as did Mr. Ratto on the evening of Dec. 1.

From the first moment of his appearance before the foot-lights until the end of the last gale of applause, there was not a dull minute, all the while every eye being fixed on the artist; and an artist he certainly is. None but a master in his profession, an artist of high degree, can play the key-board of human emotions as perfectly as does Mr. Ratto. We laughed at his Swedish, Irish, German, and Italian characters, as well as at his "Tommy Atkins," and delighted in the sympathetic impersonation of the convict in his plea before the judge. He made the outstanding personages of the World War, now perhaps grown dim with the passage of years, appear before us in the garb of reality.

Intermixed with his impersonations was a wholesome philosophy such as only Mr. Ratto could bring out in its full force. Make-believe, he said, is more real than reality itself; and this seeming paradox he brought home to us in his wonderful impersonations.

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